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*For the New-York Weekly Magazine.***FIRE SIDE REFLECTIONS.**

AT the sight of a beautiful female bathed in tears, the power of sympathy may truly be said to occasion a pleasing and painful sensation—where the consoling balm is successfully applied, the happiness we experience is a picture of man's eternal hope.

The comforts of a healthy prosperous family induces man to covet life: but when death makes his inroads, the mind becomes dejected, and he who was once happy, appears wishful for an event, dreadful in appearance, to which the whole creation must bow, and in its effects absolutely necessary: for man to live and barely grope for happiness in his present state, through an incomprehensible eternity, would be a task which no one of any consideration would wish to perform. This leads me to reflect on the situation of a fair friend, who lost her first, her only child—letting loose to sorrow the devourer of health—refusing every comfort, voluntarily sacrificing peace for that which must inevitably come—what matters it whither we go to day or to-morrow, seeing our God delights not in the death of a sinner, it is his will, therefore let us be contented.

When an infant dies, we should rejoice—for without doubt it is an illuminary object in heaven, and many years of pain avoided by an early death. God is a friend as well as judge, he will not suffer one hair to fall unnoticed, and of course will not suffer a helpless thoughtless infant to be sent to eternal punishment.

T.

Nov. 28, 1795.

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PERSIAN APOLOGUES.

AYOUNG King gave himself up to dissipation, and to all the pleasures prepared for him by those infamous courtiers, who built their hopes on the weakness of their master. One day he sung at a feast these words, I have enjoyed the past: I enjoy the present: and am not solicitous of the future. A beggar, sitting under the hall-window, heard the King, and exclaimed, If thou art not

not solicitous about thy own lot, thou oughtest to be about ours.

The king was struck with the speech. He approached the window, looked upon the poor man with attention, and, without speaking to him, ordered him a large sum of money; then left the hall in silence. He reflected upon his past life. It had been opposite to all his duties. He was ashamed of himself. He assumed the reins of government, which he had, till then, entrusted to his favourites. He laboured assiduously; and in a little time he re-established the order and happiness of the empire.

Complaints were, in the mean while, often made to him about the licentious life of the poor man whom he had enriched. At last he came one day to the gate of the palace covered with his old rags, and begging alms. The King shewed him to one of the wise men of the court; for he had loved wise men since he had loved virtue; and said, behold the effects of my goodness. I loaded that wretch with wealth; and my benevolence hath only corrupted him. Riches have been to him the source of new vices, and of new misery. It is true, said the sage; because thou hast given to poverty the reward of labour.

I remember that in my youth, having notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the holy Koran. One night that I had never slept, but was wholly employed in those exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awaked while I was reading the Koran with silent devotion. Behold said I to him, thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone awake to praise God. Son of my soul, he answered, it is better to sleep than wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.

A King of Persia had extended an hand of iniquity over his people; he held them in abject slavery, and augmented their misery by open scorn. Impatient of the harsh and humiliating yoke, the greater part of his subjects left their country, and sought a refuge among strangers. The revenues of the Prince diminished with the number of his subjects. His states were attacked, and the discontented soldiers defended them feebly. He was dethroned.

HISTORY OF

DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 171.)

HERE the disconsolate Elvira ceased to speak, and Don Sebastian full of love, of admiration, and grief, lifted up his eyes to heaven, then fell upon his knees, and taking her hand, which she had stretched out to raise him, put it to his mouth, and, while he kissed it with the utmost ardency, bathed it in a torrent of tears. They remained some time in this posture; but the virtuous Elvira, summoning all her courage to her aid, made a sign to Leonora, which Suza perceiving, he rose up, and having, in bowing to her, regarded her with a look which pierced her soul, followed his conductress, without transgressing the orders he had received by one single word. Leonora, who was little less touched at this melancholy scene than the persons concerned in it, had the good fortune to see him out of the gates of Lama's palace, without any accident.

He returned to the kinsman of Alvarez, who was greatly disquieted at his long stay; but he appeared so changed, and with something so deplorable in his countenance, that he hardly durst testify the joy he felt for his safe return: Alvarez himself fearing some fatal event, preserved a profound silence, while Sebastian walked up and down the room, with eyes cast down, and arms a-cross, for the best part of the night.

At last changing his position of body, and perceiving Alvarez near him, " 'tis done," said he to him, as if he had known what had passed between him and Elvira; "she will have it so, and I must obey her—Yes, Alvarez," continued he, in a kind of transport, "I will live, not to forget her, but to adore her, to admire and respect her till my last breath."

The faithful confidant, charmed with this resolution, and easily guessing what had occasioned it; "Well then, my Lord," said he, "we must quit Lisbon, and retire to a place where you may be sheltered from those dangers which would force you to fail in what the excellent Elvira has exacted from you."

"My dear Alvarez," replied he, "do with me what thou wilt—I am ignorant what I am, what I say, and to what way I should direct my steps—I abandon myself wholly to thee—I will live, I have promised it; but demand no more of me."

Alvarez waited not to repeat his remonstrance, but instantly went out of the room, and prepared for their departure; which, when done, he returned, and made his master get on horseback, as did also himself and kinsman, all disguised and well armed. Sebastian suffered them to do in every thing as they pleased, without informing himself; they went out of town, and, by morning, arrived at a little town, where Alvarez took leave of his kinsman, and, after a short repose, parted with his master, for the territory to which his sentence sent him, where Donna Catherine de Mendonca arrived not till three days after, little hoping to find there an object so consoling.

Elvira in the mean time no sooner found Don Sebastian was out of danger, than she felt herself much eased

in having made him this discovery of her heart, she thought she could do no less for a man whom she so long had looked upon as destined to be her husband; and therefore pardoned Leonora, on condition she would never be guilty of the like fault.

She passed the greatest part of the night in talking of him, but far from diminishing the resolution she had taken to use her utmost efforts to love Lama, this conversation rather strengthened it: she considered the having seen and spoke to Sebastian, as an injury to her husband, which she could not atone for, but by the utmost tenderness, which she made a solemn vow before Leonora always to behave with towards him. But the various agitations of her mind this night had been so violent, that Leonora intreated her to go to bed, and being prevailed upon to do so, fell into a sleep more serene and sweet than she had enjoyed for a long time.

The day was pretty far advanced when Leonora judged it proper to wake her, to inform her, that Don Lama had been several times at her apartment; and that she heard by some of his attendants, that he had received news from court, on which Elvira finding herself much better, sent to let him know it, and that she wished to see him.

Her message immediately brought him, and he communicated to her the orders he had received, which were to depart with all expedition to take possession of the vice-royalty of the Indies, the fleet being ready to sail for Goa; adding, that he would not ask her to follow him till her health was entirely established, and she might then join him. These words were accompanied with a certain air of indifference, at which Elvira was alarmed: she answered however with the greatest sweetness, and conjured him to permit her to go with him, told him she found herself in a condition to undertake that voyage; and that she doubted not, but his presence and the change of air would in a short time perfectly restore her.

But Don Balthazar dwelling always on the subject of her indisposition, refused her entreaty, and quitted the chamber in a short time; saying, he must give orders for the necessary preparations for his departure. This manner of proceeding extremely surprized Elvira; and as she was certain he could have no knowledge of the interview with Suza, knew not to what cause to ascribe it. Leonora, who hated Lama with a perfect hatred, was the first that penetrated into the motive. "Don Balthazar," said she to her, "became your spouse in hope of raising his fortune; your great estate had more weight with him than your beauty; and the vice-royalty of the Indies, which ought to have been the recompence of the services of your family, and was doubtless, given him in favour of your marriage; being the full accomplishment of his aim, love has the least place in his remembrance, and ambition resumes its wonted empire in his soul."

This reasoning appeared but too just to Elvira: but not willing to give longer attention to it, "No matter," interrupted she, with a sigh, "whether he loves me or not, I shall do my duty." While this beautiful lady was forming those noble designs, Don Balthazar, burning with impatience to see himself in his government, was wholly taken up with the magnificence which his new

grandeur exacted. All Lisbon came to make their compliments, and congratulate him; wherever he came, his presence made a court; and his pride had now so much to feed upon, that it is not to be wondered at, that it became in a short time, quite over-grown. Elvira was also paid the same homage; but that lady, without having the ambition of her husband, received it with more dignity.

Leonora, in effect, had unmasked the character of Don Lama; the difficulties he found in the possession of Elvira had joined something like love to his ambitious desires, but when he was master of all he wished, his wife became no more so amiable in his eyes, all the lustre of her charms were lost in those of his new grandeur: he looked on it as a confinement to be with her, and could not think of taking with him a companion, before whom he must be obliged to wear a gravity little conformable to those pleasures of which his youth and inclination rendered him but too susceptible.

The profound melancholy and indisposition of Elvira persuading him, that she had still a tender remembrance of Don Sebastian, he thought himself not obliged to regard her with any thing more than indifference; and beginning to grow weary of his assiduities, and thinking only how to secure his honour, while absent from her, resolved to enjoy all the advantages of his marriage, without partaking them with her from whom he received them. As he had these designs, it was impossible for the beautiful Elvira to oblige him to let her accompany him; though her duty and her virtue made use of the same efforts for that purpose, as the fondest passion would have done, neglecting neither tears nor prayers to move him.

But Don Balthazar was inflexible; and now beginning to make her sensible of the power he had over her, he commanded her to retire to a castle he had some miles distant from Lisbon, where he placed about her duennas and servants, who were all his creatures, and so many spies upon her actions; of all the women who had before attended her, leaving only Leonora. Donna Elvira was touched to the very soul at this proceeding, but firm in her duty, she submitted to her destiny, without shewing any token of resentment, and without making any reproaches to her unjust spouse, who obliged her to depart three days before him; and when she was retired, and shut up in her castle, he embarked with a mind full of pride, ostentation and vanity.

He arrived at Goa, and took possession of his government, where he began to exercise his authority, with a haughtiness which made him rather feared than loved. But now it was, that he was to experience the utmost power of a passion, which till then he had only thought of as the means by which he might accomplish more darling views: ambitious as he was, he learned in Goa, that there are desires which grandeur cannot satisfy. He had not long been in possession of his vice-royalty, before a brother and sister of the king of Achon retired to that place, to avoid some troubles which were at that time in their country, and intreated the king of Portugal's protection; which Don Lama the more readily vouchsafed them, as the young princess of Achon appeared to him, even at first sight, the most dazzling beauty of the earth. This Indian, whose charms were accompanied with the most

engaging air, made Balthazar know, that all he had imagined he knew of love, before he saw her, was infinitely short of what that passion really inspires.

His passion no less violent than sudden, was not long concealed from the fair object; and as he was young, handsome, well made, accomplished, and bold, and the princess of Achon neither blind nor insensible of merit, she attended not many formalities to make a suitable return; and both abandoning themselves, without reserve, to the ardour of their love, took no care to keep it a secret from the world.

The princess finding herself beloved with the utmost excess of tenderness, thought of nothing but becoming a christian, and espousing the viceroy, and flattered herself a long time with this pleasing hope, no person daring to acquaint her, that he was engaged to another. But when in the transports of her love she pressed him to compleat her happiness, he was obliged to let her know the fatal impediment which heaven had placed to their mutual satisfaction. At this news, the princess of Achon fell into such violent despair, that the perjured Don Balthazar, infatuated with his passion, promised to neglect nothing which might break an engagement so contrary to what she wished to form.

The Indian violent by nature, and rendered much more so by her jealousy, proposed to him the blackest expedients to obtain her desires; but whether he had yet too much remains of honour to comply with her, or whether it were, that he could find no proper and safe opportunity to do it, he put her off, by demanding time, and swearing to her an eternal and inviolable affection.

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

A YOUNG French Nobleman, not quite twenty years old, (the Count de B. Lieutenant of Cavalry) was attacked by a wolf of an extraordinary size. The furious animal first seized the horse, and tore off such large pieces of his flesh, that M. de B. was soon dismounted. Then the wolf flew at him, and would certainly have torn him in pieces, had he not had great presence of mind. With one hand he seized the wolf's foaming tongue, and with the other hand one of his paws. After struggling a while with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from him, and his right thumb was bitten off; upon which he leaped upon the wolf's back, clapped his knees fast to his flanks, and called out for help to some armed peasants who were passing by; but none dared to advance. "Well then, said he, fire: if you kill me, I forgive you." One of them fired, and three bullets went through the brave Officer's coat, but neither he nor the beast were wounded. Another bolder than his comrades, seeing the Cavalier was intrepid, and kept firm upon the wolf, came very near and fired at him; the animal was mortally wounded, and after a few more furious motions expired. In this dreadful conflict, besides the losing of his thumb, the young Count's left hand was torn, and he got several bites in his legs and thighs.

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

L E T T E R X V I.

ON THE ACQUIREMENTS OF GIRLS IN THE KNOWLEDGE
 OF MUSIC, NEEDLE-WORK, DRAWING, DANCING, &c.—
 THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART, IN
 PREFERENCE TO THE SHEWY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

STILL, my dear friends, the subject of our little girls must claim the preference with me of any other. This moment, methinks, I see the little Marianne before me.—I must lay down my pen, whilst I indulge the tear of fond remembrance, when I recollect that happy period, when I hoped to have added to your tender cares, my own, for that lovely child. Will you indulge me, distant, absent as I am, to send you a few hints relative not only to her future happiness, but likewise that of her infant sisters? Little indeed remains to say on this subject, convinced, as I am, your intention is to form their minds to the utmost perfection of truth and elegance.—Yes! you will indulge me, I am convinced. My languid heart is animated with the delightful subject; though, from their present infantile state, I am ready to ask, in the words of a favourite authoress, (Mrs. Rowe) addressed to each severally,

"Thou pretty, smiling, guiltless thing,
 "Of thee what can I say or sing?"

But whilst they are enjoying their infant dreams, I will in idea imagine you are in future telling them (when the hand which is now penning this is mouldering in the dust) of my anxious solicitude for their happiness. You will, I trust, sometimes speak of my affection, of my tender care for their welfare.

When they are able to use their needle, I flatter myself you will not forget those sentiments I have been recommending (i. e. of giving the young mind the earliest ideas of assisting the poor) but make the first-fruits of their little hands be appropriated for that use; in other words, to blend amusement with real utility. It might not be amiss, when they arrive at the age of six years, to allot them a family of poor children, on whom they might bestow any little produce of their needle they may be capable of performing. I do not mean that I would by any means have them sit long at their needle; so far from it, it will not be even desirable for young ladies in their rank of life to know more of needle-work than what is just necessary; for the intention of your perfecting them in the various branches of their needle, will not be so much on account of the real value of what they may do with their hands, as that they may in future life be able to judge of all kinds of work, and female manufactory; and, as they cannot have too many innocent amusements, this with the others may be cultivated.

As you are convinced a young mind can only derive its greatest improvements from reading the best authors, I need not enforce the subject; what those are, their father's judgment, and your own delicate taste, will best point out. I shall only add on this subject, that if the little girls early discover those delicate feelings of the heart,

which may enable them to enter into all the refinements of tenderness, let them shun, as the most fatal poison, all those books which soften the heart and enervate the mind. I speak not of those which are stamped with the name of a Richardson or a Fielding, with a few others; they abound with the most refined sentiment, and are an exact image of human life. Those histories which are addressed to the heart, and are also a subject of reflection, may be of use; as they may possibly have a fairer chance of influencing the conduct than any other: "The account," says an ingenious author, "of a generous action, in these little pictures of human life, may warm the heart to do one: the sympathetic tenderness arising from a feigned distress, may open the heart to an attention to real misery." But where we have one history of this kind, of general utility, we have twenty of a very different tendency.

It may be easy, though dangerous, to warm the imagination of a young girl, by an over-tenderness or refinement of sentiment; but alas! how soon are these fine sentiments of tenderness often sacrificed at once, by marriage, either to vanity or convenience! If the refinement takes too deep root, miserable must be their fate, if they marry on common or mercenary views, unless they are united to men of equal refinement with themselves.

I am almost afraid to indulge my pen in recommending too much my favourite science music, lest I should be too partial to the subject: but I think, if the little girls discover early a particular genius for this delightful art, (and, as their dear mothers excel in it, they consequently would not be satisfied with their children playing indifferently) it would be best first to carefully observe their taste, their ear, &c. before they enter upon an accomplishment for which other things are often sacrificed; and of which many girls are a convincing proof; who, without the least degree of ear, or idea of musical sounds, know not so much as a minuet from a march, after drudging years at the harpsichord—merely because it is the fashion to play, and because music is what they call a "pretty accomplishment."

Many parents chuse their children should learn every thing, whether they discover a genius or not for such a medley of knowledge; by which means, in fact, they acquire no one accomplishment in any degree of perfection. A young girl expressing a fondness for such or such an art, is by no means a proof that she has a capacity for it.

In the sciences of drawing, music, &c. a desire for them may be excited by just giving them a delightful specimen in either hearing or seeing a performance in those arts: a mother may then perceive its effects—if a little girl discovers no particular pleasure in those things, no matter—depend on it her genius does not lie that way; but if she frequently herself begins the subject, and wishes to be acquainted with the above arts, much may be done to excite an emulation to excel, by a mother not appearing over-fond to promote them. On such an occasion she may say, "I fear child, you will never have the attention that is requisite; you will not confine yourself to such close application:—no, no—we will talk no more of this charming accomplishment.—To what use is your learning it, as you are too giddy to have application?"—But the anxious desire of the little petitioner will be often

repeated, if she has a real genius; and you will act accordingly. We may depend on it, our indolence towards any thing, is owing to the weakness of our desires for it: if the contrary is the case, what is it a child (or indeed any of us) cannot accomplish? So true is the old English adage, "Where there is a willing mind, &c." The father of the famous little boy of eight years old, who surprized all London some years since, with his performance on the violin, treated him in the above manner in order to excite his emulation: the father went so far as to tell his boy, if he learnt, he must himself get a few strings with other materials, and make his own fiddle: the little fellow went accordingly to work, believing it impossible to persuade his father to grant his request. We may easily conceive the plaything he was capable of making; but however, with great application, it was such that he hammered out his notes, and acquired many tones of harmony. It must be ever remembered, that the best way of teaching is for the scholar to invent. It will be supposed, that such a genius and application, had afterwards every possible advantage.

I would not be here understood, that I mean or wish your little boys of five years of age should be fiddlers; not for the world.—I mean no such thing; but only that the above well-known fact is a proof to what degree an excitement may be raised in children by not immediately granting their request; and in leaving themselves to invent what they are so anxious to perform. A strong and extensive genius never, on such an occasion, fails to exert itself.

(To be continued.)

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THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 175.)

SOME were of opinion, it would be best to dispatch me without ceremony; however one of the dread assembly, more humane than the rest, proposed to examine me strictly, before sentence should be pronounced against me. His advice was adopted, and I summoned to appear before the awful assembly. "What has brought you to this castle?" their chief began—"concealing the truth will avail you nothing; however, a sincere confession may perhaps save your life. For what reason did you come to the castle?"

"I have been tempted by curiosity," I replied; "having been told, that bad spirits resided here, I was desirous to get acquainted with them."

"Who has told you so?"

"The priest of the village, who will confirm the truth of my assertion, if you will question him."

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am the only son of a rich grandee. Do you hear! the only son. If you are no strangers to pity, consider, what a deadly wound you will inflict upon the heart of my father by assassinating me."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Estremadura, my native town."

"Whither did you mean to travel?"

"I was going to visit the principal towns of Europe."

"Where did you intend to stop first?"

I named the town.

"What is your name?"

When I pronounced my name, he started up, but instantly retook his seat.

"What is your name?" he inquired once more.

I repeated it.

"And who is your companion?" enquired another, whom I knew, by his figure and voice, to be the same person who had acted the ghost.

"My companion is my tutor."

"Bring him hither!" said the first to two of his companions.

I then was re-conducted to my prison, and ere long heard the voice of my fellow adventurer, who was asked the same questions which had been put to me, and returned the same answers. He was ordered to retire, and a long consultation began; it was however carried on in so low an accent, that I could hear nothing distinctly.

After a few minutes, we were summoned again to appear before the dreadful council, and heard, to our unspeakable joy, that we should be set at liberty, if we would swear a solemn oath, never to reveal what we had seen and heard, and to relate a fictitious tale of horror to our host. This done, we were re-conducted by four persons to the passage, where we were left to ourselves.

"How fortunate it was (said my tutor, when our conductors had left us,) that you did not swerve from truth when you was examined; a single falsehood would have cost us our life. Your veracity has saved us."

"If I am not mistaken, we also owe something to my name."

"To your name?"

"Certainly! for when I pronounced it, I perceived, that my examiner was seized with a sudden emotion. He started up and asked me twice. I plainly perceived that it produced a strong effect on his mind."

"You may be right (said my tutor) but however that may be, we ought to thank Providence for our happy deliverance."

I begged his pardon for having endangered his life, and caused him so many cruel blows through my youthful rashness and disobedience; however he assured me, that he was not in the least angry with me, and that he felt no pain at all, except a slight head-ache.

I found myself much worse, all my limbs being thrilled with excruciating pains, as if broken on the wheel.

We arrived mechanically at the parsonage, but would not make the least disturbance, the day beginning just to dawn, and laid ourselves down upon the grass, beneath a spreading oak, discoursing on the events of the preceding night.

We beguiled two hours with confidential talk, before any body in the parsonage was stirring. As soon as we perceived that the people of our kind host were risen, we went to bid a good morning to the hospitable priest, and related as much of our nocturnal adventure as we could without violating our promise. The worthy ecclesiastic

blessed and crossed himself when he heard our narrative of the events of that fatal night, which we took care to represent with additional horrors. After breakfast we thanked him for his hospitality, making him a present for the beds we had left at the castle, and continued our journey, which we commenced as cheerful as it could be expected, considering the poignant pain I still felt in every part of my body, and the head-ache of my tutor.

We met with no farther adventure on the first day, but at the close of the second were surprised by a very odd incident. Within two hours distance from the town, whither we were travelling, we saw a lame beggar coming directly towards us from a wood which we were passing. He called to the coachman to stop a little; however, he did not mind it, but drove on. In less than a few minutes the beggar was at the window of our coach, intreating my tutor to give him something. We ordered the coachman to stop, at the same time staring at each other with astonishment, because the beggar was dressed in a most whimsical manner. His motley coat was composed of numberless rags which scarcely kept together; his waistcoat, which reached down to his knees, was of blue satin, and richly embroidered; and the remaining part of his body was naked. His snow-white beard, floating down his breast, contrasted strangely with his black hair, and yet we did not laugh, nor dared to question him about his strange appearance, for although he looked extremely tragicomical, yet he had something in his countenance which commanded respect. My tutor pulled out his purse, offering him some pieces of silver coin: "Silver and gold I do not want," was his answer, "but be so kind as to give me your shoes and stockings." "Strange being," said my tutor smiling, and ordered the servant to give him some out of our travelling trunk. "No!" replied the beggar, "I want the shoes and stockings you wear." "Has there ever been heard any thing of that kind?" said my tutor to me. "Be gone, insolent wretch! do you mean to make your game of us?" The beggar stuck close to the coach window, exclaiming, "and if you kill me, my lord, I will not leave you before you have granted my prayer." This insolent obstinacy raised the anger of my companion, and thinking to frighten him away, he took one of his pistols, offering to shoot him. "Fire at me," said he fearless, "if you are mean enough to shed the blood of a fellow creature for the sake of a paltry pair of shoes and stockings." My tutor stared at him. "If thou art determined to have my shoes and stockings, then no choice is left me, but to grant thy prayers." So saying, he began to pull them off. The beggar seeing this, came to the other side of the coach, and begged very humbly to have my breeches and coat. "Indeed! this is too bad!" I exclaimed; "go out of my sight, else I will chastise thee for thy insolence." He stared at me awhile, with dreadful looks, and then raised a loud laugh which frightened me. "How will this end?" said my tutor to me, ordering the coachman to drive on. However the horses had not advanced three steps, when the beggar sallied forth, and brought one of them to the ground by a violent stroke with one of his crutches. My tutor grew pale. "I am

"sorry," said the beggar, after a short pause, "that you force me by your obstinacy to act thus; be so kind to give me what I have desired, and then you may drive on in peace." I pulled off my coat and breeches, and having taken the money out of the latter, gave him what he desired, my tutor doing the same. While we were putting on other cloaths, he stood silently by the coach, and when we had done, addressed us in the following manner: "Since you have been so kind to me, gentlemen, I will return your kindness, and warn you not to stop at the hotel of * * * (here he described it to us) on your arrival at the town, and then I beg the favour of you to meet me here next Friday against sun-set." So saying, he bowed and left us, disappearing in the adjacent wood.

Meanwhile our horse had recovered, and we continued our journey with all possible speed, lest a new adventure might interrupt us once more. "What do you think of that strange being?" said I, after a long silence which had reigned in our carriage. "I do not know what to think of him," he replied, "he either must be—but, pray, have you taken the money out of your breeches? 300 ducats and two rings set with diamonds, would indeed have been a fine gift!" So saying, I put my hand mechanically in my pockets, but how great was my terror, when I found the apprehension of my tutor verified. "What is the matter?" said he with marks of astonishment. "All is gone!" I exclaimed, in a rueful accent. "Gone! impossible!" He ordered the coachman to stop, and assisted me in searching my pockets. "Pray get up a little if you please!" I got up, but all my searches were fruitless; we drove back to the spot where we had been stopped, but neither ring nor money could be found. "Very strange!" exclaimed my tutor, as we returned; "are you sure you have taken it out of the pocket?" "As sure as I am alive! this is more than pocket picking, it must be sorcery, I should think, if any thing of that kind was possible."

"The appearance of the fellow was at least strange enough," my tutor replied, "and there certainly exists a kind of sorcery which, indeed, surpasses the comprehension of one who is not let into the mystery. But however that be, the forcerer with whom we have been engaged, seems at least to be a good sort of a fellow, considering the civil manner with which he has demanded our wearing apparel. And then you must consider that he has appointed us to meet him here next Friday; what view could he have had but to return what he has taken from us?"

"Vain hope!"

"Not so vain as you think. Did he not say himself that he wants neither silver nor gold?"

"Mere pretext! why has he then pilfered my money?"

"For fun, and to laugh at our expence, and perhaps to punish us a little for having refused at first to grant his prayer. And even if my argument should prove erroneous, you cannot but confess, that a man in whose power we were, has behaved very handsome, since he has been satisfied with your purse and not also taken our papers."

"Pray be so kind as to look after them!"

He put his hand into his pocket, but the word he was going to utter died on his lips. After a long pause of horror, he said with a forced equanimity, pale and trembling. "No! Mr. Sorcerer, you have carried your sport too far!"

"What is the matter?" said I, frightened.

"O that I could keep it from your knowledge! the papers are gone!"

"Gone?" I exclaimed, starting up from my seat. "Pray examine your pockets?"

He searched, but could find nothing, except his purse with 40 ducats. This was now our remaining wealth; and yet we were glad that we had not lost this little sum too.

This new accident gave rise to so many remarks, consultations and schemes, that we entered the gate of the town before we had time to fix where we should stay the night. The coachman stopped. "Where are we?" I exclaimed. He named the very hotel, against which the beggar had warned us. "Go on coachman!" exclaimed my tutor. "My lord!" he replied, "it is the best in the whole town." "Let us stay here," said I, "who would mind what such a rascal says?" "As you like," my tutor replied. We got out of the coach, and ordered the waiter to shew us to a good apartment.

(To be continued.)

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FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To ———.

IN vain, Sir, do you expect success in your infamous attempt to destroy the peace of mind of a young orphan. In vain do you cringe to meanness and employ all the subtle arts beneath the character of a rational being. Heaven and conscious innocence shall protect her: her whom you would in one moment deprive of every thing ornamental to human nature.

And can you, my friend, whose education should have taught you otherwise, can you despise that inestimable gem, a good conscience? Is your sight bounded by this world, or do you shew your courage in braving almighty vengeance? Can you look at your heart pregnant with destruction to innocence, without blushing? Turn not away your eyes, nor attempt to drown the first emotions of conviction in dissipation, but, let us come at once to the point: Are you willing to die an unhappy death, if nothing farther, for the sake of a short-lived pleasure? Would you poison the mind of a helpless fellow-mortal, whom it is your duty, and should be your glory to protect? Away with such foul pursuits, and listen to the voice of conscience. Accept these admonitions for your own sake, not that I fear you will succeed in your attempts: for God and her virtue shall be her protection.

A.

INTERPIDITY.

A SOLDIER saying, at Thermopylae, that the arrows of the Barbarians were so numerous as to hide the sun: "Then," said Leonidas, "we shall have the advantage of fighting in the shade."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A FRAGMENT.

THE cover was taken off—the corpse was then put in the coffin: she shed tears—"Ah my Henry," said she, "little dost thou think I am now weeping for thee," and sobbed aloud.—I looked up—it was his only sister, and the deceased was her only brother.—It was the virtuous Rebecca, who cried so incessantly—Henry had been her only support since the death of her father, which happened about a year before—Henry had bid her a last adieu, but a few minutes before I entered the house—"I nursed him for three days," continued she, "the physicians gave me hopes of his life—but oh!" here the tears stopped her—as soon as she could speak, she proceeded—"But oh! he fell a prey to the epidemic." Here tears again stopped her utterance, and the men were proceeding to nail down the lid.—"Oh!" she exclaimed, "let me see him but once more;" they complied with her request: she gazed on him for about a minute in astonishment, and then turned to me—"These cheeks," said she, (pointing to the pallid face of her brother) "Where the roses bloomed, are now of a deadly paleness." The men were impatient: she knelt down and kissed him—I turned away my head, for a few minutes, to conceal the tears that gushed from my eyes. I again ventured to look—the hearse had just gone from the door; I espied Rebecca breathless on the floor: when she knelt down to kiss him, she had fainted—the men had removed her gently—I saw a bottle of salts on the table. I applied it—but, alas! her gentle spirit had fled forever.

New-York, December 4, 1795.

L. B.

NEW-YORK.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 30th ult. to the 6th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		1	8.	6.
Nov. 30	45	49	47	w. NW. W.	clear	do.	do.
Dec. 1	45	54	46	w. do. NE.	clear	do.	do.
2	48	50	43	w. do.	cloudy	clear	do.
3	36	39	38	w. do. SW.	clear	cloudy	do.
4	34	49	50	SW. do.	clear	do.	do.
5	32	50	41	NW. do.	clear	cloudy	clear
6	35	50	42	W. NW. do.	clear	do.	do.

RESULTS of OBSERVATIONS for Nov. 1795.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometer on Fahrenheit's Scale.

	deg.	100
At 8. A. M.	42	9
1 P. M.	50	7
5 P. M.	48	28
of the whole month,	40	84
Greatest monthly range between the 8th and 28th	37	0
Do. in 24 hours the 5th	17	25
The warmest day the 8th	67	0
The coolest do the 28th	30	0
9 days it rained, 23d a small flight of snow, 27th a flight of hail.		
28th at 8 o'clock the Thermometer was 2 deg. below the freezing point.		
12 days it was clear at 8, 1 and 5 o'clock.		
6 do. it was cloudy at do. do.		
4 do. the wind was high.		
19 do. the do. light.		
20 do. the do. was to the westward of the north and south points.		
10 do. the do. was to the eastward of the do. do.		

A RESOLUTION.

FAREWELL, O earth! I bid adieu
To your delusive charms;
Your joys no longer I pursue,
Fraught with unnumber'd harms.

When the false phantom of the night
The wilder'd stranger spies,
He follows its beguiling light,
And for his folly dies.

Thus have I your vain pleasures fought,
Which like gay meteors glow;
Till I, myself, at length have brought
Into the depths of woe.

Now with disdain I spurn them all,
And seek substantial joys;
Where pure delights can never pall,
And sorrow ne'er annoys.

Up to the everlasting hills
I now my journey bend;—
Lord grant me power to face those ills,
Which may my path attend.

Vouchsafe thy grace, and I can go,
With ease, the tiresome way;
Though flesh may cleave to things below,
And love her kindred clay.

My dearest friends, and comrades too,
I bid you all farewell;
Unless you seek the things I do,
And sinful works expel.

Those ways I can no more attend,
Forbidden by my Lord;
For sure *destruction* is their end,
And *death* is their reward.

ETHICUS.

NORTH-CASTLE, February 23, 1793.

Having lost the original copy of the poem intitled "Universal Praise," in our last, before we had taken a proof; in order to correct some errors which necessarily occurred thereby, we are obliged to trouble our readers with the following

Errata.—Stanza 2, line 4, for "sing" read "ring"
Stanza 3, line 2, for "thro' distant, &c." read "there distant"
Stanza 4, line 2, for "the vast, &c." read "the wide, &c."
Stanza 6, line 6, for "nor let one earthly soul oppose." read
"Nor one ungrateful soul oppose."

Date, "NORTH-CASTLE, January 21, 1793."

ON A MARRIAGE BETWEEN A BLIND COUPLE.

HYMEN his torch ne'er lighted,
These turtle-doves to mark;
Who, *forc'd*, by Hymen slighted,
Thus wedded in the dark.

This pair, when first connected,
No pleasure had in view;
Yet Cupid ne'er selected
A couple *match'd* more true.

Reciprocal their bliss,
No discord e'er prevailing;
What day can come amiss,
Each "blind to *other's* sailing."

FROM A YOUNG LADY,

TO HER FRIEND.

MY dear Clarinda, would'st thou know
Whence hymen's sacred blessings flow;
Attend my lay and thou shalt see,
The man that's made for love and me.

Nor wealth, nor person can impart
Those blessings to the tender heart;
His mind the flowing spring must be,
That sheds the stream of bliss for me.

Whose soul's with steadfast virtue fraught,
Inspir'd with ev'ry noble thought,
Constant, generous, courteous, free,
Be him whom fate designs for me;

Let pure good nature in his breast
With kind compliance mildly rest;
His sprightly genius ever be
Producing joys for love and me;

Let him his passions ever sway,
Not led by them from wisdom's way;
His mind serenely calm, and free,
Shall sweetly rest with love and me.

Teeming with sentiments refin'd,
Let godlike science teach his mind
From objects low, and mean to flee,
And toy with only love and me.

Thus let his solid reason shine
Enlighten'd with a ray divine;
His soul O! ever let it be
Enwrap'd in virtue, love, and me;

A breast with sacred truth inspir'd,
A soul with love of knowledge fir'd;
From prejudice and ignorance free
Alone is made for love and me.

AN ELEGIAC SONNET.

TO whom shall Constantia apply?
To whom her impressions impart?
Who sees with soft sympathy's eye
The sorrows that harrow the heart.
The winter had sabled the day,
She saw the strip'd crocus in bloom,
The snow-drop in vernal array,
And aconite burst from her tomb.

Such signs were a promise that spring,
Soft season of bliss, would return;
"But what," cry'd Constantia "can bring
"My Doriland back from his urn!"
Then silent she sat, and reclining her head,
Affection the dew drops of memory shed.